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VOGUE

Vol 2
I-11
(#39)

The same old lies.

"Darling you are the only girl I ever loved."

XUM

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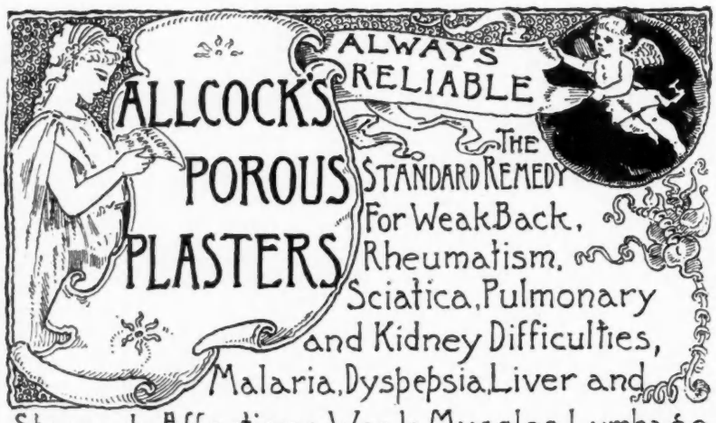

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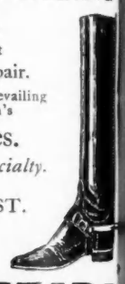

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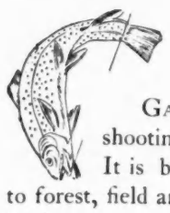

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XUM

VOGUE

L.L. Roush

DRAWING-ROOM TACTICS

HARRY: "Quite a military establishment over there at Miss Pruyn's, but their tactics are a little mixed."

MAY: "How so?"

HARRY: "Why, last evening, just as she stood at 'present arms,' her father 'fired.'"

THE GILDING WAS THE ATTRACTION

WAITE: "To be sure, he has money, but don't you think she married beneath her?"
MISS PRUYN: "Oh, I don't know; she can scarcely be said to have married the man at all."

MONSIEUR GALVIGNAN'S RESTAURANT

"TEll us a story, Mr. Raymond."

"Miss Brandell, I could not make a romance if my life depended on it."

"Do not give us a romance then. Recount one of your varied experiences or adventures in your travels around the world. They cannot fail, some of them, to savor of the romantic."

"Not so, but since you insist, I will relate a curious incident that once came under the observation of a friend of mine, and if you will let me stop when I feel inclined, I promise you the narration will not be unromantic."

"Agreed," replied the company in a voice. "Now for the story."

THE INSPIRED MUSICIAN

It was a new restaurant in one of the smaller cities of America, with foreign caterer, cook and garçons. The proprietor, a Frenchman with a cool blue eye, a fiercely twisted moustache and a nonchalance aggravating in an interloper.

The restaurant situated on the ground floor of a once flourishing hotel, was ingeniously fitted out, more novel than luxurious, but very "taking."

A group of curious loungers gathered each day about the doors to mark the progress of the work.

The opening day arrived. A hanging balcony, with tiny staircase leading from the floor, had been arranged for the musicians. Strains of music drifted to the outer world. Fumes of the best French cooking escaped through the basement windows.

Precisely at six o'clock P. M., the restaurant was opened, and a goodly number of people entered, few, however, of the better class, who were slow to change from their habitual resorts.

The different parties seated themselves, studied the menu, and then paused. A feeling of dissatisfaction showed itself. Some ordered a "bite" and quit. Some ordered nothing and quit. In a marvelously short time the restaurant was deserted, the orchestra played to an empty room, and Monsieur Galvignan lost by the evening's failure a number of francs.

But Monsieur Galvignan only smiled.

The next day and the next, and the next, the restaurant was vacant. The old established restaurants crowed. Still Monsieur Galvignan only smiled!

Augustino Melvern arrived in the city from New York to attend his classmate's wedding.

He turned towards his hotel about dinner time, passing en route the restaurant of Monsieur Galvignan. The French and American flags, hanging in friendly proximity, caught his eye, and he sniffed the fumes of a good cuisine.

"No second-rate cooking that," he soliloquized, and entered.

L. L. ROUSH.

XUM

DOING HER DUTY

Miss Livingston: "Isn't it odd that Mrs. Weeds wears only half mourning for her husband?"
Mr. Judson: "She contends, I believe, that is all a man's second wife ought to wear."

PRINCESS METTERNICH

The vacant room surprised him, when he examined the menu he understood. The price was too high for the ordinary diner, the dishes too mysterious. He was raising a glass of la Rose to his lips, when a sudden burst of music made him pause.

Until now the music had been uninteresting, the musicians drawling out the notes as if weary of playing to an empty room. Curious to know the reason of the change, he turned to regard the orchestra. The "leader" was a fair young man with good features, and a mien superior to his station. He had turned quite around facing the room, and with eyes fixed upon some object in the distance, was playing with all the enthusiasm of inspired genius.

Following the direction of his gaze, Melvern discovered in a retired part of the restaurant, seated at one of the small tables, the most beautiful creature he had ever beheld.

Her face was classical, the features delicately moulded, their expression spiritual, but the glowing dark eyes, the intensely black eyebrows and raven tresses, counteracted the spiritual effect; the contrast was at once peculiar and alluring.

Her exquisite form was clad in a robe of soft clinging cashmere, simply but elegantly made, evidently the latest Parisian style.

She wore no ornaments, neither rings nor earrings, only a delicate gold dagger that fastened her hair. She was leaning slightly forward, her eyes fixed upon the violinist.

The strains became more and more intense, swelling and dying, moaning and whispering, then ended in a crash. The color had gradually faded from her face, but as the music ceased a soft flush stole over her features, and she smiled gently into the face of her companion, evidently her father, seated opposite her at the little table. From time to time one or two people entered from the hotel above, but no glance of the beautiful stranger ever wandered away from her retired table. Occasionally she raised her eyes to her father's face with a look of gentle affection.

The music began again, and again her attention became riveted upon the musician, who played as if inspired by saint or fiend.

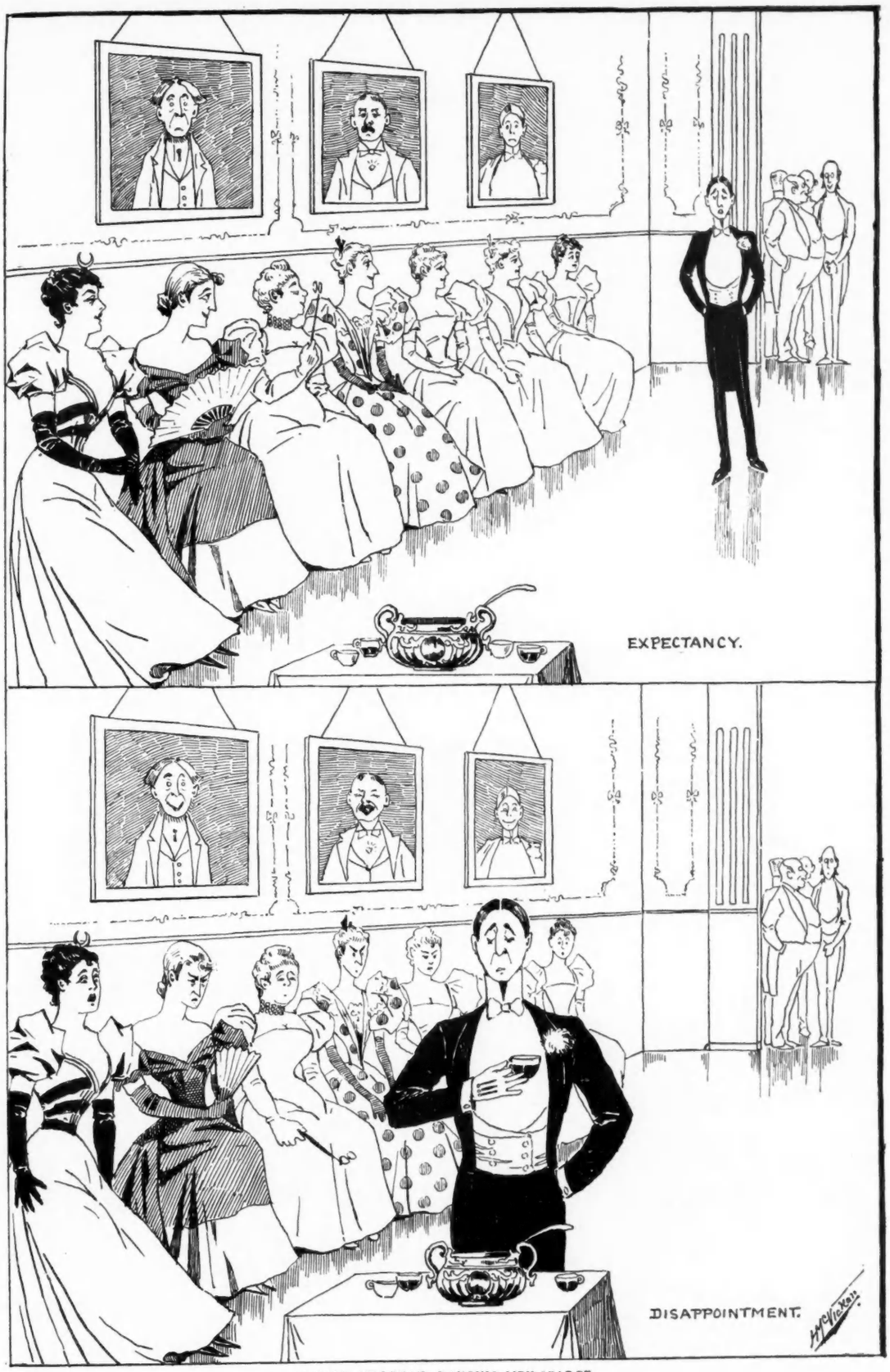
The scene repeated itself during an hour while the father of the young girl went through his elaborate dinner with the deliberate enjoyment that marks the bon vivant. Then laying down his napkin with an air of satisfaction, he glanced at the young woman, who rose softly and went quietly and modestly from the room.

Mr. Melvern was interested, his admiration excited, his curiosity piqued.

The next day he told his intimate friend of the excellent new restaurant he had run against, invited him to dine and confided to him the interest that attracted him there.

During the week two or three others were taken into the secret. Among them an artist, who sketched sub rosa the fair stranger, of whom no information could be gathered in spite of reference to the hotel books, bribes to waiters, and inquiries at the desk. Almost every night added one to the party of interested young men, two or three of

AN EVERY-DAY SUMMER AFFAIR



A BALL AT LENOX—DANCING MEN SCARCE

999° IN SHADE!!!

whom became seriously enamoured. The artist made a small oil painting from his sketch. A sister of one of the party saw it. The affair came out, and spread.

A natural result was a determination on the part of the ladies to visit Monsieur Galvignan's restaurant, behold the "beautiful stranger" and "inspired musician" and judge for themselves of this interesting affair, to say nothing of tasting the dishes prepared by a bona fide French cook.

A eight o'clock, then, one evening, a party of no less than fourteen young women and men, properly matronized, entered the restraurant.

It was on this occasion that Monsieur Galvignan carefully observed the number and class of his guests, and said sotto vocé "ça ira." A little sign to the waiter and the prices on the menu placed before this particular party were deftly changed. A little later Melvern sent for the head waiter and inquired the meaning of the reduced prices, adding: "I hope your dishes have not fallen off?"

"Mais, mon," was the reply, "Monsieur Galvignan has now been here some weeks, and commands the market. The prices are permanently fixed."

After this the reputation of the restaurant was established and among the right people, as a place eminently respectable, where one could get the best dinner to be had in the city, at a not exorbitant price.

In the meantime the romance of the inspired musician did not flag.

I will not dwell longer on the subject; sufficient to say, that among others, two of the wealthiest and most prominent young men of the place completely lost their hearts, and their heads, too.

Both made devoted efforts to discover who the inamorata was, and both kept very quiet after the search, one taking a sudden tour around the world, one remaining and shadowing his idol on every occasion that she appeared abroad.

And the musician?—paler and paler he grew, more and more inspired, until one evening his eyes sought the accustomed corner. She was not there! Nor the next day—nor the next! A week passed, and another, but no beautiful mystery. She had gone and left no trace.

The young musician lost all his energy, then he, too, disappeared, some said to end his despair in self destruction—while the aristocratic victim who had shadowed his idol to the last took to drink.

The restaurant flourished. Monsieur Galvignan bought larger French and American flags, entwined them above his door and stood under their shadow and smiled.

"That is all."

"All! Where is the end? That is no finale."

"Ah, you asked for a 'romance,' and this is the end of the romance. The compact was to stop here."

"No, no. Let us have the rest. What became of them all?"

"Since you insist, I continue. The excellent cuisine of Monsieur Galvignan was real; the romance of his restaurant 'a delusion and a snare.'"

"Explain! Explain!"

"Monsieur Galvignan was not a Frenchman, but an Italian, who kept somewhere in Italy a famous French restaurant. He had been told that Americans were always attracted by something novel, and that gold was to be got thereby, so he concocted a plan, assisted by his Satanic Majesty. The 'beautiful stranger,' the 'inspired musician,' the 'epicure father,' were the dramatis personæ of his plot."

"But she! Who was she?"

HOW IT HAPPENED

THE WOULD-BE-FUNNY SUMMER BOARDER: "I read an account of how a girl fell over forty feet without killing herself."
"Good gracious! How did she do it?"
THE W. B. F. S. B.: "Tried to get out of a moving street car with exactly twenty men in it."

CORRECT

"If I have one and then add one
And then to this add three,
Abstracting four and then one more,
How many will that be?"

She thought awhile with puzzled face,
This most demure of misses,
And then she said "Why, dearest, we
Will each be in ten kisses."

XUM

PERPLEXING

HE: "I do not well see how you can be a sister to me."
SHE: "And why not, pray?"
HE: "Because I can t remember ever having been spanked on your account, and you never told any lies for me.'

"Wife of Monsieur Galvignan, chosen from among the beautiful fruit vendors of his native city. The 'father'—not her father, but an old Italian gentleman, broken down in fortune, who thought it an easy part to play for a good dinner every day."

"And the Inspired Musician?"

"Brother to the 'beautiful stranger'!"

"Mr. Raymond, your story is simply horrid—but stay. What became of the young man whose disappointment took him around the world?"

"Ahem—myself. And"—calling after the disgusted auditors—"the other infatuated youth did not drink himself to death, but is very happily married."

A SIMPLE MATTER

AMATEUR MODEL: "Now, be sure you don't get my feet too large."

ILLUSTRATOR: "Oh, they will be reduced one-half in the reproduction."

HOW SHE GOT RID OF HIM.

SHe was so tired! The hour was late,
And still he chose to stay.
What could she do but wait and wait
For him to go away?

She talked. And then she did not talk,
But answered "Yes" and "No."
She wanted him to take a walk.
Alas! He would not go.

She played. He asked for more and more;
She ached in every joint.
She spoke about "The Open Door";
He did not see the point.

Until, her mind in fixed despair,
She said, her patience spent:
"I'll tell you all about the Fair,"
And then the fellow went!

Tom Masson.

ACCOUNTING FOR IT.

WILLIE: "You never drink any water, do you?"

FEATHERSTONE: "Not if I can help it, Willie."

WILLIE: "I suppose you are afraid it will make your nerve rusty. Sister says it is a cast-iron one."

SUMMER HOTEL AMENITIES

SHE (suddenly pervading the piazza): "What! no one here! Where have all the nice men vanished to?"

HE (bitingly): "Where all the nice girls have vanished to."

A COMBAT

BEfore the steel-clad giant pranced
A little naked boy,
And laughed a challenge as he danced
In gay, mischievous joy.

The giant raised his axe above,
Then in a heap fell he,
For with his dainty dart had Love
Defeated Dignity.

Layton Brewer.

A CURTAIN-LIFTER

THe scene is laid in a noisy, commonplace hotel. The girl was pretty, graceful and exceptionally well dressed, but a trifle insipid and poorly chaperoned. There was plenty of the chaperon and decidedly too much of the chaperon's husband. It was the quality and not the quantity which was poor. The chaperon wore her diamonds to the breakfast table and her hair had a suspiciously reddish-yellow color. There was a general-utility young man, a short, thick-set young fellow, with a violently blue necktie; he followed the girl around with a slavish devotion and she accepted it all placidly. That was at first.

One day a party of Bostonians arrived by the noon train. "My! ain't they swell!" remarked the chaperon, twisting her slender neck to stare after them as the head waiter himself showed the party down the length of the uncarpeted dining-room. Even the girl turned her head to look after them with languid interest.

The girl was of the style that lights up well. By daylight she was pretty, but in the evening, with a touch of color in her pale cheek and her rather prominent eyes darkened by excitement, she was absolutely beautiful.

There was a young Southerner with the party of Bostonians—a handsome young fellow, with all the frank cordiality, the free-and-easy readiness in making acquaintances characteristic of the genial Virginian character. That evening he had not been in the dining-hall (hastily cleared for the bi-weekly hop) half an hour before he had managed to meet the pretty girl and was leading her to a place in the lanciers. After the lanciers they had a waltz, and then he hurried back to the chaperon for the girl's fleecy white cloak; she was going for a promenade with him on the long piazza. The music came to them in softened strains and mingled with the roar of the breakers out beyond the stretch of moonlight sand. The light was dim in the shelter of the piazza and the chairs were almost deserted. They paced slowly up and down, her hand resting on his arm, his head bent towards her and his eyes meeting her upward glances with lingering softness.

The general-utility man sat by the chaperon, holding the girl's fan and bouquet and responding, with a miserable attempt at cheerfulness, to his companion's vivacious remarks.

The youngest of the Boston ladies murmured to her mother, with a laugh that had a touch of sharpness in it, "Charley never misses a chance to flirt. I wonder how Kitty likes it."

The next morning the two went over to the lake for water-lilies. It was very hot, and the glaring reflection from the sand brought two brilliant touches of color into the girl's cheeks just below the eyes. Later on he lay stretched beside her and the chaperon on the beach, holding her parasol. The Boston party bathed; they did not look particularly elegant or dignified as they went up to their bath-houses, dripping and battered. The chaperon looked after them contemptuously and then glanced back to her charge, in her crisp pink and white morning gown, daintily perfect from the topmost loop of her hat ribbon to the tip of her pointed shoes. The silky little terrier belonging to the youngest Boston lady had nestled in the sand beside the young Southerner and refused to follow his mistress when she called him.

There was no hop that evening, but there was a long stroll up the moonlit sand.

"He certainly is dead gone on you, Mamie," said the chaperon as she and the girl ascended the stairs together that night. "Now mind, you've got to invite me on to spend the winter with you when you go to live in Boston."

"I guess you'll have to wait a long time if you wait till then," said the girl, but she smiled in a flattered way and blushed.

The chaperon had quickly grown intimate with a certain set at the hotel, among whom she and her husband were extremely popular. One morning they had all arranged to go upon a large crabbing party. They had engaged two hacks and were to drive over to the bay and spend the day in the exciting sport. At the last moment the girl excused herself upon the plea of a headache. The young man of the blue necktie would fain have remained behind also, but his feeble excuses were over-ridden by the chaperon. That noisily good-natured person rushed into the girl's room just before the party left to bid her good-by.

"Johnny wanted to stay too," she cried, "but I put a stopper on that. I knew you didn't have a headache for the sake of staying home to talk to him."

After they had gone the girl went down and sat on the piazza in one of the large chairs. She had neither book nor work, but she sat there rocking herself idly, and there was a certain indefinable air of expectancy about her. Presently the Boston party came down the hall; they wore their hats and carried their parasols and wraps as if they were bent upon an expedition of some sort or other. The young Southerner left them and came over to where the girl was sitting.

"Dolce far niente," he murmured, leaning on the rail beside her. He had been with the girl a great deal during the last few days, and had contrived to put himself upon a very familiar footing with her and her party. "So you didn't go crabbing, after all?"

"No," she answered; "I had a headache."

"A headache!" He looked down at her, his eyes full of concern. "I am awfully sorry. I hope you will take care of yourself. You will

KITTY'S TEMPORARY RIVAL

stay here in the shade, I hope, and not go down to the glaring sands."

She said yes, she should sit there, where it was cool.

"Ah, that is much the most sensible thing to do," he said genially. "I wish I were going to sit here comfortably too, but we are off for a sail. I see they are waiting for me, so I must go. Good-by. See you at supper time, I suppose." And hastily putting on his cap he ran down the steps to where the others were already climbing into the stage in which they were to drive over to the pier.

When the chaperon returned she found the girl sitting in her own room, a seaside novel in her hand. "Why, you really did have a headache!" she cried. "I thought you stayed at home because——" Then she paused. "Well, at any rate, you'll be well enough for the hop to-night, I hope."

"Oh, yes!" said the girl. "I'm all right now."

She looked particularly lovely that evening when she descended the stairs, already arrayed for the hop. In her hand she carried a great bunch of pink roses. The young man of the blue necktie had sent all the way to the city for them.

The yachting party came in late, after supper was over, and made a hasty meal while the waiters were already beginning to clear the dining-room of chairs and tables. The young Southerner paused beside the girl for a few moments in the hall. He had letters to write; he wished he might ask her to save him a waltz, but he did not know how late his writing would detain him; all evening, he was afraid.

The other young man was radiant. He followed the girl about with obtrusive assiduity; he was a weariness to her spirit, and when she declared herself too tired to dance any more he sat beside her with an inane smile on his face, quite oblivious to her languor and evident lack of interest in his remarks.

The Southerner she did not see until the next morning. Then he appeared at breakfast in starched linen and a trig gray suit, instead of his customary flannels and blazer. He walked down to the beach afterwards with her and the chaperon, and sat beside them on the sand. He was bubbling over with irrepressible good spirits; he was absolutely boyish in his wild jollity.

Later on he excused himself; he had to go over in the stage to meet a friend who was coming on the noon train, he said. He waved his hand to them as he rode down the sandy road in the jolting vehicle. The Boston matron looked after him from the piazza where she sat crocheting and chatting with her friends. "Dear Charlie," she said; "how happy he does look."

There was a new addition to the Boston party at dinner that day—a young girl, pretty, dark-eyed, with an unmistakable air of breeding and a soft Sourthern accent.

"Pretty, ain't she?" said the utility youth to the chaperon, as they gazed at her across the intervening tables. "She's Southern, you know; I found out all about her; I overheard the Boston folks talking; her name's Kitty, and she's engaged to that Virginia fellow."

And so the curtain goes down.

The Boston party went home, and the chaperon went home, and the girl went home, and the Southerner married his Kitty. Katharine Pyle.

AFTER A BARGAIN

MRS. YOUNGWIFE: "How much do you charge for shad?"

FISH DEALER: "Fourteen cents a pound, ma'am."

MRS. YOUNGWIFE: "And how much without the bones?"

PATERNAL SOLICITUDE

F. AMILY MANN: "I want you to give me something for insomnia."

DR. EMDEE: "Take plenty of exercise."

A. FAMILY MANN: "I'm nearly dead from exercise; the prescription is for the baby."

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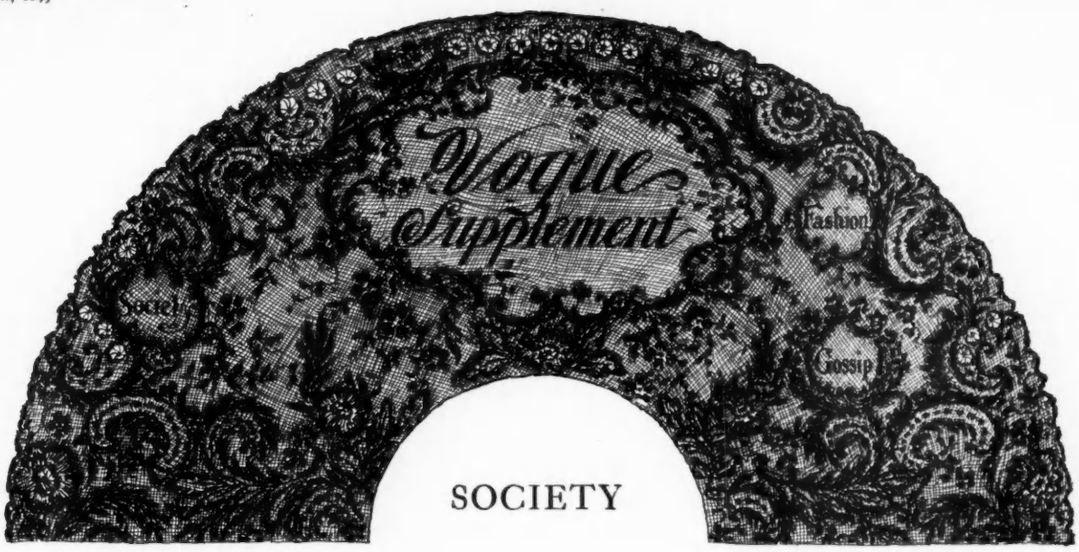

SOCIETY

NEwport's last week of gaiety will not soon be forgotten. Every one combined to wear their smartest gowns, drive their swellest turnouts and give their most brilliant entertainments, with the result that a delightful air of jollity and informality pervaded the most formal affairs. It has been very interesting to hear the different opinions about the races. All vote them enjoyable and say that it was a typical racing day and a most brilliant assemblage. As for the races themselves, they do not seem fated to be distinguished in the annals of racing, but have universally been conceded to be highly satisfactory. Mr. Center Hitchcock and Mr. Prescott Lawrence, who had charge of the affair, agree as to its perfect success, and after that there is certainly no more to be said!

There is a decided thinning in the ranks even among the cottagers. Mr. and Mrs, Archie Rogers are among those who have left. They go to their home at Hyde Park-on-the-Hudson. Mr. and Mrs. Fernando Yznaga have closed their cottage and gone to Tuxedo. They will take a house in New York for the season, but will remain at Tuxedo until late. The entertainments that will be given in Newport now will be very different in character, and invitations for them will not have to be sent so far in advance. So far as the weather is concerned, Newport has everything that could be desired, but Fashion allows no change in her laws, and she has decreed that August is the month for the Newport season, and it cannot be allowed to lap over more than a few days into September.

Narragansett's short term of active gaiety is practically over. Several of the hotels are closed, and by the end of another week only the cottage people will remain. This has been a bright and pleasant season, take it all in all. The rabble of last year has been agreeably lacking, and everything has been decorous to a degree which would surprise those persons who, for some unknown reason, believe this quiet resort to be wild and wicked. indeed, the people who come over from Newport for the day are much livelier and noisier than those who stay all summer. Of course, they are here only for a short time—only a few hours—and as Narragansett is so gay, they feel they can do anything they please, and they do it, while the regular Narragansetters look on with amusement and amazement. A very jolly party came over one day, two coach loads of people. Among them, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Astor, Mr. and Mrs. C. Albert Stevens, Miss La Montagne, Mrs. Yznaga, Mr. Dick Peters and Mr. Duncan Elliot. Mrs. Jack Astor has certainly won all hearts this summer, not only by her beauty, which is acknowledged by all, but by her charm and cordiality of manner. Mrs. Stevens is also a very beautiful woman who has been a great belle at Newport. After seeing the sights of the beach, this Newport party were joined by those who are called the Baltimore belles, Mrs. Jesse Tyson, Miss Sterling and Miss Handy. There was certainly a rare collection of beauty at this luncheon, and judging from the singing, laughing and talking which floated out upon the air, there was no lack of gaiety. Mrs. Jesse Tyson dresses this summer in a way which only a pretty woman would dare attempt. Her hair brushed tightly back from the face in a style that is trying even to her features and complexion. She also has a fancy for wearing an English sailor hat, tilted forward until it nearly rests upon her nose. Still, with it all, she can be counted with truth as among the beautiful women at the Pier.

After the Otis-Edey wedding next Thursday, the next marriage looked forward to will be that of Miss Ada Smith and Mr. Alfred Kessler, which will be celebrated at Ballton the middle of October. Miss Smith is a very handsome girl, resembling in many respects her sister, Mrs. Sam Colgate. Her bridesmaids are to be Miss May Fuller, of Troy, and Miss Christine Biddle, of Philadelphia. The bride's home, where the wedding is to be celebrated, is very beautiful, and at that time of the year is at the height of its beauty. The wedding will not be a large one, although as both bride and groom have many friends there will doubtless be a great number of guests.

The International races are the great topic of conversation now and the people will come back to town and near town much earlier on account of them. Already parties are being made up to go down the bay on yachts and club boats, while those who are fortunate in having friends with country places on Staten or Long Island are receiving invitations for house parties during the races. Sir Roderick Cameron is to entertain a number of guests at Clifton Berley, while the Alexandres are to have their houses full for the whole time.

The American mind seems to take very favorably to the idea of living in parks or communities. It is not very long since it was the fashion to fence or hedge in all property, were it only an acre in size. Now everybody is willing and glad to have their places marked out by tiny hedges, if marked at all, and large places like Tuxedo and the Country Club are considered very desirable. It may be that we are getting to be a more amiable nation, less interested in our neighbors' concerns, or else we are growing more composed in our manners. One of the latest schemes for a park is the invention of the Marquise Talleyrand Perigord, who is to lay out a large tract of land in New Jersey. All the different plans that have proved satisfactory in Tuxedo and the other places are to be carried out, with a great many additions. To begin with, there can only be a certain number of property owners, and it is proposed to have them restricted to a certain set. There are to be many advantages gained by this co-operation which would not be possible to any one individual. All this goes to prove that the owning of country houses is becoming very necessary to our fashionable set, and country life and country interests are to be the fad for the next few years, at all events. The Marquise is a very clever business woman, a great favorite and possessed of a large amount of capital, so that there would seem to be no reason why her project should not succeed.

The death of Colonel Jerome Bonaparte at Pride's Crossing on Monday last was a very sad thing. He was a very prominent figure in this country in many other ways than socially. Possessed of a magnificent physique, it seems impossible to believe he has been an invalid for some months. His wife, who was at the time of her marriage Mrs. Leroy Edgar, and their two children, Luisette and Jerome, were with him at the time of his death. Miss Luisette Bonaparte made her début in Washington two years ago. The son, Jerome, is still at school.

XUM

LONDON BY WAY OF CARLSBAD

(From Our Own Correspondent)

CArlsbad, I am convinced, is an excellent place for the study of character. "The true man," once said a witty Frenchman, "is known only to his valet." To this I would add a rider: the real side of human nature is shown only through the medium of personal ailments. Never have I heard all the various and different ills that flesh is heir to so greedily discussed, so fully ventilated and so universally claimed, as during my daily morning promenades between the Schloss Brunen and the Felsonquelle. He who can claim the worst digestion, the most obstinate spleen or the sulkiest gout is the hero of the hour, while those who claim immunity from all such heredities are regarded with skeptical indifference quite unmixed with envy. "It's a mad world, my masters." So wrote the Bard of Avon three centuries and more ago, and in nothing madder than the modern desire of the ultra beau-mondaines, men and women, to outreach each other in the race for shattered nerves and disorganized health. But a truce to such vanities.

It is quite true we may not be quite so "live-lily" festive, so gaily frivolous in this pretty little Bohemian spa as rumor reports the world to be at Homburg, where the American set keep the social ball rolling without cessation. Dances, coaching parties, picnics, dinners on the terrace of the Hotel Victoria, tennis, polo, golf is the order of the day and night, in all of which al fresco entertainments royalty plays a conspicuous part, for H. R. H., notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, has gone alone to Homburg, after dutifully seeing the Princess, her two daughters and the Duke and Duchess of York en route for the fjords of Norway and a visit to Denmark, where, at Fredensborg, they will be joined by the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the entire royal family party being guests of the King and Queen of Denmark. The Prince loves fun and jollity, good company and pretty women, in which tastes he is ably seconded by "Uncle George," the Duke of Cambridge, who, despite his two-and-seventy years' experience, is a gay dog still, as also by that doyen friend, old Christopher Sykes, whose devotion to the Prince knows no bounds, and whose right hand he still is in many a pretty private little affair in which discretion, a silent tongue and considerable finesse are indispensable qualities. But we at Carlsbad have our diversions all the same, and so wonderful is the weather, day succeeding day of brilliant sunshine, every one is prolonging their stay, there are fresh arrivals by every train and the season bids fair to stretch its limits indefinitely.

The Duchess of Manchester, always accompanied by her son, the young Duke, known familiarly to his friends as "Kim," is to be seen everywhere, in a donkey chaise, on the Alte Wiesse, at the bath house, or diligently imbibing the waters at the Schloss Brunen de Newbrunn. Yesterday she organized a picnic to Giesshübl-Puchstein, to visit the famous spring—every one drinks Giesshübl water at Carlsbad—and to dine at the celebrated café there, which is, in fact, the principal attraction. They started in the gayest of spirits, and all went well until a terrific thunderstorm broke over the little hillside village, and within an hour the roads became so impassable the carriages they came in were not sufficient to bring them back, and they were obliged to hire extra conveyances at Giesshübl, and keep them over night at Carlsbad. Meantime we had not even the shadow of a storm, but were basking in tropical heat and brilliancy all the afternoon.

We have with us here a Prince Orloff, rather a celebrated personage in Russia, Paris and England. He is a Slav by nationality, and unlike most Russians, enormously stout, though still a young man. He has large estates in Russia, where he devotes a great part of his time to the breeding of the famous black horses of the country, and so successful has he been that all the world over Prince Orloff's name is associated with the splendid specimens of this equine race. He is the son of the old Prince whose life in Paris was at one time the favorite talk of the day. Judging by appearances the young Prince is a dutiful follower of his father's example.

A favorite divertissement is the bi-weekly classical concerts at the Café Post-Hof, the pretty gardens of which lie just beyond the town, and to reach which you walk along the new Alte Wiesse, gratefully shaded all the way by double lines of horse-chestnut trees, beneath which are placed numberless small stalls and tiny boutiques filled with native industries—laces, toys and china from the local manufactories of Pirkenheimer or Mueryhöle. On Mondays and Fridays the Post-Hof is crowded to overflowing by a most critical and music-loving audience, who will not permit even a whisper, much less a loud word, during the excellent and artistic performance of the picked orchestra. A perfect storm of hisses was directed the other afternoon at the occupants of two tables, the former a Russian party, the latter some very smart English and Americans. I will not "name" them (though it's easy enough to read between the lines, since we have but one so-called swagger Anglo-American coterie in Carlsbad) who elected to talk in none too modulated tones during the rendering of Beethoven's adagio movement in the Sonata Pathétique. So little appreciation had the English-American party for the classic side of the entertainment, they had not been seated five minutes before out came the Bézique box, and in a twinkling the cards were cut and dealt and the game in full swing. One well-known woman is never separated from her Bézique, and, indeed, among those who pose as being of the "inner in," the small square morocco-bound box, mounted with monogram, crest or coronet in gold or silver, is as much an article of costume as is the embossed and emblazoned glass or porcelain mug which every one sports, slung across the shoulder by a narrow leather strap, or depending from the belt by an ornamental chatelaine.

You remember I told you of a Roumanian Princess last week in whose case every one here was so deeply interested. She is the Princess Dichtenstein, and one of three exceptionally pretty sisters. Their father is Prince Dichtenstein of Vienna, and the mother was a Princess Dolgourouky in her own right. I met the invalid the other evening on her father's arm, walking very slowly, but looking quite charming in a most dainty rose-tinted muslin. She is quite young, and has a lovely face with soft dark hair and shy dark eyes. It is seven years since she has walked, and she owes her restored health and powers to the efficacy of the Carlsbad cure.

It is now quite an understood certainty that Mr. W. W. Astor intends to apply for naturalization papers and become a British subject. He cannot, indeed, under the new property laws, hold freehold real estate without so doing. Three hundred thousand pounds hard cash for Cleveden, and a £50,000 check paid over the counter for the Pall Mall, are not sufficient to purchase his immunity from English Acts of Parliament. Henceforward he will be a subject of the Queen, and, so says rumor, his ambition runs to political life in the Commons, with a possible baronetcy and subsequent peerage in the future, which might land him in the House of Lords. He is not the first American who has abandoned his native land for the mother country, and been rewarded by a title. The late Sir Curtis Lampson of Boston was a case in point. His son succeeded to the baronetcy, and his very clever daughter became the wife of Frederick Locher, the poet, whose Vers de Société at one time lay on everyone's drawing-room table, and were as copiously quoted from as are the epigrams from A Woman of no Importance to-day.

Diane.

Carlsbad, 20 August, 1893.

PARIS

(From Our Own Correspondent)

MY attention was called at dinner, recently, to the fact that white wine has almost entirely superseded the red juice of the grape in popular favor, especially as regards my own sex. This is a great change. Until a short time ago it was a common notion here that the habit of drinking white wine was detrimental to the nerves, and those who made habitual use of it were expected to develop the properties of an aspen leaf in a gale! But during the last few months our doctors have with really remarkable unanimity been recommending their patients, especially ladies, to drink white wine instead of red. This has been quite sufficient to cause the belief to spread that red wine is more or less poisonous, and the result has been that the consumption of the latter has diminished to a degree altogether alarming to the wine-growers of France, who, from time immemorial, have almost exclusively cultivated the red grape. The "vignerons" are up in arms against the doctors and have announced their decision that, in the event of the movement in favor of white wines gaining strength, they will make white wine from red grapes. This can be managed by leaving the juice to ferment apart from the skins and stalks. It is thus that champagne is made. The grapes are red, and although the wine appears to be white it is not really so in the same sense that the word is applied to Chablis and Sauterne.

The Polish aristocracy forms an important element of the grand monde here, and the Czarotiskis, the Zamoyskis, the Lubomirskis

FOULARD COSTUMES FOR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR

Figure 1—Black, round waist, with yoke; trimming, white lace edged ruffles of the material on sleeves and skirt; yoke finished with band of shirring. Hat black and gold.

Figure 2—Light gray, figured in darker gray; waist laid in plaits; shirring at bottom of skirt and a few inches below waist line. Hat gray, with floral spray in pink and pale green.

Figure 3—Pale tan, bands of dark heliotrope velvet on skirt, sleeve top and waist; a band of shirring a few inches below neckband. Hat of heliotrope felt, trimmed with velvet and feathers.

Figure 4—Delicate green, bands of black velvet on skirt at waist and wrists; ruffles of figured chiffon, green with design in black at sleeve top and over vest.

and the Potockis, as well as the Branikis, have acquired quite as strong a foothold in the noble Faubourg as the oldest of French families. The name of Lubomirski is at this moment before the law courts here in connection with a rather peculiar case. Last May, Prince Alexander Lubomirski died, leaving a fortune of some $8,000,000, which, as he was childless and a widower, he bequeathed to the sons of Prince Eugene Lubomirski. Unfortunately, there are no less than three Lubomirskis of that name who have each two or more sons, and the question now arises as to whose children were meant by the late Prince Alexander. The best known of the entire family is Prince Joseph, formerly a brilliant leader of Empress Eugénie's cotillons, but now one of the star amateur dancers at the Elysée Montmartre and the Moulin Rouge, which have taken the place of the old Mabille. His remarkable and fantastic skill in dancing the cancan arouses the wildest enthusiasm of the visitors to this pleasure resort. Known there by the endearing and graceful name of "Boule-de-Suif," (Tallow Ball) on account of his embonpoint, he has even composed a pas-seul, which has been christened the "pas du goret," the literal translation of which is, pig's step. Of course, he is the bête-noire of the professional male dancers at these places, who receive fifteen centimes for each dance. It is, therefore, necessary for them to dance a hundred times in the course of each week to make three dollars. An inspector takes note in a pocketbook of the number of times each of them dances.

My remarks contained in a recent letter about the extent to which Trouville and Deauville have been supplanted by Dinard, are confirmed by letters which I have received from friends staying there, and who inform me that among the visitors and summer residents established there for the next two months, are the Duke and Duchess des Cars, who are at the Villa Cendrillon; the Duke and Duchess de Mortemart and the Comte and Comtesse Guy de La Rochefoucauld, who are at Rochefontaine; the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de la Lande are at the Villa Frohel, the Comtesse Hatzfeldt at the Villa Dinardaise and the Marchioness of Hastings at the Villa Augusta. Both of the last-mentioned ladies have figured somewhat conspicuously in the chroniques-scandaleuses of the day, the Comtesse Hatzfeldt being the lady who eloped some years ago with Count Herbert Bismarck, in consequence of which she was divorced by her husband, the Prussian Prince Carolath-Beuthen, and is a sister-in-law of Baron von Saurma-Jeltsch, the newly appointed German Ambassador at Washington; while the Marchioness of Hastings is a sister of the Marquis of Anglesey, the head of the Paget family. It was she who, when on the eve of the day appointed for her marriage to Mr. Henry Chaplin, deliberately went off to Paris and was married to the Marquis of Hastings, failing, however, to return the trousseau or presents which Mr. Chaplin had given her on the understanding that she was to become his wife. A few years later the Marquis of Hastings was completely ruined by having staked his entire fortune upon his horse, Lady Elizabeth, at the Derby, and by being defeated by The Hermit, belonging to Mr. Chaplin. Unable to meet his losses, Lord Hastings took his own life. His widow subsequently married Sir George Chetwynd, but retained the name and title of her first husband, which causes a considerable amount of confusion and even of scandal among those of my countrymen who are unaccustomed to English ways, and who are absolutely dumbfounded by the apparently shameless manner in which the Marchioness of Hastings is living with Sir George Chetwynd. Let me repeat here what I have already had occasion to mention in my letters to Vogue, namely, that neither at Dinard nor at Trouville, Deauville or even Dieppe, does one see bathing costumes so indiscreet as those which are pictured by many of our illustrated papers here, and which are reproduced, I understand, in the American press as samples of Gallic bathing costumes. The fact is that we all wear skirts when bathing, the only distinction between those of us who are immodest and those who are not, being that in some cases the skirts are longer and made of heavier material than in others. Thus you may see both great ladies and demi-mondaines whose skirts do not reach more than half-way down to the knee and which are made of the flimsiest material, clinging, when wet, to the form. No one wears stockings and the leg is bare from above, not below, the knee. The arms also are bare and the bodice is cut low both before and in the back. But the simple maillot, with no jupe at all, depicted in the Journal Amusant by Mars and subsequently in your newspapers on the other side of the Atlantic, have no existence save in the artist's somewhat picturesque imagination.

Comtesse de Champdoce.

Paris, 10 August, 1893.

THE GREAT LADIES OF EUROPE

Princess Pauline Metternich

PAPER NO. I

NO woman has exercised a more widespread and marked influence upon the society of the second half of the nineteenth century than Princess Pauline Metternich (whose portrait appears on page 126 of this issue), and it is therefore only fitting that she should inaugurate this series of pen sketches of the leaders of the grand monde in Europe; the women, in fact, who set the fashions in dress, manner and behavior to the remainder of their sex in every part of the civilized world. The people of the United States, though independent of Europe in many other respects, render obedience to the dictates of La Mode received from thence, perhaps, because the American woman is the only foreigner who has the gift of being able to wear a Parisian toilette with the proper chic and grace, and hence, it is only natural that the fair daughters of Uncle Sam should be interested to learn something about the personality and character of those who create La Mode, who fashion it according to their tastes and caprices, and to whose autocratic rule we are all more or less subject as regards raiment, taste and manner. Contrary to the general impression that prevails, it is not the great couturiers, tailors and modistes, such as Felix, Laferrière, Worth, Virot, etc., who decree the fashions, but the great ladies of the old world. By reason of their birth and breeding they possess an innate taste as well as a sense of refined and harmonious elegance in which the former are lamentably deficient, and hence the new creations of the couturier, the modiste and the lingère never really become fashionable or achieve any vogue until after they have undergone those modifications by the great ladies, which are needed to deprive them of their pristine vulgarity and consequent lack of true chic and elegance.

To Princess Pauline Metternich we are indebted for the liberation of society from the trammels of that bourgeois decorum, canting conventionality and hypocritical affectation which characterized the first and most inelegant moiety of the present century. On reaching Paris early in the fifties as Austrian Ambassadress, the Princess perceived that society there was behind the times, and that its theories, its customs and its laws were no longer abreast of or in harmony with the progressive spirit of the age. Women of the great world were subjected by conventionality to nearly as irksome restrictions as the houris of Oriental harems. They were not allowed to stir out on the streets without being followed by a servant in livery; riding, driving, shooting and, in fact, every form of sport was closed to them; their conversation was confined within certain narrow limits, and elegance in everything that concerned the toilette was regarded as bad form, appropriate only to the demi-monde. Being possessed of an original mind, a brilliant intellect, vast wealth and an assured social position, the Princess at once set to work to teach her sex that it was no sin to laugh, and that women, provided they do not overstep the bounds of morality, have just the same right as men to amuse themselves as they deem fit, to satisfy their curiosity, to avail themselves of the pleasures and pastimes until then monopolized by the masculine element, and to give frank and free expression to their thoughts and opinions. She moreover taught us that elegance in dress and in matters connected with the toilette generally are not incompatible with refinement and good form; she revived the worship of the god Chiffon, which had fallen into desuetude since the Restoration, after the battle of Waterloo; she invented and inaugurated the male couturier, who has now become such a recognized social institution, not alone in Paris, but in every capital of the civilized world, and during the fifteen years that she spent at Paris contributed more than anyone else to restore to the French capital the reputation for gaiety, brilliancy and pre-eminence in elegance which it had enjoyed until the advent to the throne of the Bourgeois dynasty of the Orleans.

Princess Pauline is the most curious mixture of a gamin and a great lady that it is posssble to conceive. Her strange freaks and eccentricities furnish even to this day a never-failing theme for discussion, both to the classes and to the masses, and indeed no matter how insane her pranks they are never counted to her as misconduct. She seems to exist for the special purpose of demonstrating the fact that a woman of high lineage, fortune and rank can do anything short of actual transgression of the laws of the land without losing either caste or public consideration. Even in the wildest of her doings—and they have included her dancing a cancan in public at the Mabile in Paris, an appearance in masculine costume at the "Fiaker Bal" at Vienna, and the boldest of flirtations of all kinds with men ranking from statesmen to circus-riders—she has always remained grande dame to the very tips of her exquisitely shaped fingers. No matter how

XUM

Dinner gown of white silk, with shoulder ruffles and revers of white chiffon.

Out-door costume of blue and white serge. Petticoat of plain white iaid in accordion plaits; upper dress, white ground with blue figure; trimming, blue and white galloon. Hat blue, with white and blue trimming.

Dull red serge with shirt and revers of pale cream piqué; narrow fancy passementerie bands ornament the skirt. Hat pale cream felt, with dull red plumes and flowers. Hat shows no colors but cream and red.

L. L. ROUSH DES

low she has stooped in her eternal research for new sensations, she has ever been a stranger to any suspicion of vulgarity. Although she has furnished material by her behavior sufficient to fill, not alone one page or even one chapter, but several thick volumes of the chroniques-scandaleuses of the nineteenth century, yet her position in European society, and especially at the Court of Vienna, is absolutely unimpaired, and there is no more honored guest at the Imperial Hofburg than Princess Metternich. Even the Empress Elizabeth, always so strict about the conduct of her entourage, overlooks all her indiscretions, and when some new instance of her légèreté is reported to Her Majesty she shrugs her shoulders and merely exclaims that it has always been thus with "unsere Pauline," that being the name by which the Princess is known by society and by the people of Vienna, all of whom are simply devoted to her, and never so delighted as when they can relate to one another some new manifestation of her wit and brilliancy.

As much of a Parisienne as a Viennese, and as well acquainted with French argot as with the picturesque fiaker dialect of the Austrian capital, the Princess professes the warmest admiration for Gallic wit. An example of this may be found in her exceedingly delicate retort to Mr. John Jay's son-in-law, General von Schweinitz, at that time German Ambassador to the Austrian Court. One night when seated next to him at dinner she vexed the General by her somewhat unkind comparisons between French and German notions with regard to wit.

"There is nothing," she declared, "that the French are not able to turn into some graceful witticism."

"Take this, Princess," exclaimed the General, handing to her a single hair which he playfully pulled from one of the long curls drooping on her white shoulders. "I defy you to make any witty contrivance out of this."

Princess Metternich took the hair and on the following day sent it off to Boucheron, the famous jeweller of the Palais Royal in Paris, with an explanatory note. Three weeks later she invited the General to dinner and he found on his plate a dainty little velvet box. On opening it he discovered a pendant formed by the jewelled representation of the Imperial German eagle. Between its talons was the single hair handed by the General to the Princess. On each end of it was suspended a tiny plaque in enamel with the word "Alsace" on one and "Lorraine" on the other. Attached to the eagle's beak was a scroll bearing in diamonds the words: "Vous ne les tenez que par un cheveu." ("You only hold them by the hair.")

The Princess is exceedingly fond of practical jokes, and there was one which I witnessed and which has the effect of bringing a smile to my face every time that I think of it. It was at a dinner given by her at Vienna. The two principal male guests were a couple of surly old generals who were dining at the Metternich palace for the first time, and who were unacquainted with one another. To each, on entering, she had whispered that the other was extremely hard of hearing, though very sensitive on the point of being treated as deaf. At dinner they sat on either side of the Princess, and being each convinced that the other was deaf, commenced shouting at one another in such a manner as to absolutely drown the conversation of the other guests. Of course, each of the old fellows got angry by being shouted at by the other and commenced to utter asides concerning the imbecility of yelling so loudly, convinced, of course, that the party concerned was unable to hear them. Fortunately, neither of the generals realized that our irrepressible laughter was caused by themselves. Indeed, they were so angry with each other that they heeded but little else. They remained only a short time after we had arisen from the table, and, kissing the Princess's hand on their departure, each apologized for having been led by the stupid deafness of his comrade to manifest signs of irritation.

Although supremely elegant, Princess Pauline has never possessed any figure to speak of, being extremely thin, while her face is so attractively ugly that she has on more than one occasion described herself as "a white monkey." She has never entertained any illusions concerning her personal charms, a peculiarity in which she differs from the remainder of her sex; and when in 1863 she founded at Paris her celebrated "Club des Laides"—that is, Club for Ugly Women—she could induce but few of her friends to cast in their lot with hers. Not a very wonderful fact either, as women who are content to give themselves the brevet of ugliness are not often found. Consequently, the club was short-lived, to the great regret of the Princess, who mournfully remarked that frankness was not among the many engaging qualities of her female friends, adding that otherwise the Club des Laides would have been overcrowded. Some years ago the Princess, in no way discouraged by her Parisian failure, founded another ladies' club at Vienna. The name of the charming President was sufficient to make the enterprise a success in the Austrian capital, all the fine fleur of the exclusive feminine Viennese aristocracy becoming members thereof. The salons of the club were always filled with great ladies, who thoroughly enjoyed the freedom from all care which they found in the palatial building on the Ringstrasse. Excellent music, exquisite flowers, choice vintages, caravan tea, perfect cuisine, outlandish delicacies and verbena-scented cigarettes contributed to make life for them there pleasant. If the truth is to be told, there was also a card-room, beautifully decorated with Gobelin tapestries, where a pretty high game was carried on nightly. The conversation, far from being of a gossipy kind, was mostly restricted to the races, the hunt and to horseflesh in general. The Austrian great ladies, like their lovely Empress, are all sportswomen at heart. They ride, they drive four-in-hand, they shoot with amazing skill and, notwithstanding their often delicate and ethereal appearance, stalk chamois or hunt wild boars with fully as much energy and pluck as their husbands and brothers. It is a pity that the club came to grief in consequence of the bitter antagonism which reigns between the wife of Count Kielmansegg, Governor of Vienna, and of the province in which it is situated, and Princess Metternich. The latter, although a grandmother and gray-haired, is one of the best whips in Europe, a fearless rider and a dead shot. She inherited her courage, which borders on insanity, from her father, Count Sandor, who was famous for his hare-brained extravagances. He once drove his four-in-hand up the wide marble staircase of the Imperial Palace at Prague, and on another occasion jumped with his horse from the Johannisbrucke into the rushing waters of the Moldau. Innumerable are the anecdotes which are told of him, and it cannot be denied that his daughter has followed in his footsteps.

As an actress and mimic, the Princess remains to this day as inimitable as she was when she assumed the leading rôle in the charades and vaudevilles which used to be performed at the Tuilleries, at Compiègne and at St. Cloud. I remember seeing her two or three years ago in Vienna, at a dramatic entertainment which she had organized in the palace of Prince Liechtenstein, for the benefit of one of the great Viennese charities, the tickets costing $25 a piece. The Princess took the principal part, and after mimicking the peculiarities of almost every well-known European actor and actress, and holding forth in the strongest Viennese dialect, and singing Paris café-chantant songs in the most improved Thérèse style, she finally wound up by caricaturing in neatly turned couplets the little idiosyncrasies of most of the guests present, not even sparing the Emperor.

The Princess is, like the Empress, an inveterate smoker, varying her cigarettes occasionally with a cigar, which she handles in such a dainty and elegant a manner that there is no suspicion of that masculine affectation which in many cases renders the smoking of tobacco by women so extremely offensive. She is very pronounced in her likes and dislikes, detests affectation and pose of every kind, which she ridicules in the most merciless manner, and is extremely outspoken and picturesque in her language, showing no hesitation in calling a spade by its name. In this respect she resembles her mother-in-law, the late Princess Mélanie Metternich, wife of the famous Chancellor of the first Napoleonic era. It was Princess Mélanie, who, sitting one evening opposite the Marquis de Saint Aulaire, the French Ambassador, replied to a compliment on the beauty of the diamond coronet which she wore in her hair with the remark that "At least that one was not stolen," thereby alluding to the fact that King Louis Phillipe of France had usurped the throne and possessed himself illegally of the crown of his cousin and benefactor, King Charles x. On the following morning the Marquis visited the old Chancellor in order to complain about the insult which had been addressed to himself and to his royal master by the Princess. The situation was an awkward one, but the Chancellor got out of the difficulty by pointing out to the enraged Ambassador that, although he had fallen in love with Mlle. Melanie Zichy and had married her, yet that he had not educated her, a reply with which the Marquis was forced to remain content.

Although somewhat toned down by the sad and mysterious death of her daughter, Countess Waldstein, the Princess still remains the life and soul of Viennese society, which is indebted to her, much in the same way as Parisian society, for her success in freeing it from the trammels with which the old-fashioned etiquette of the Austrian court had bound it, and if Vienna is to-day celebrated as the most delightful, merry and pleasure-loving city of the old world, it owes it mainly to the unlovely but most loveable Princess Pauline Metternich.

XUM

Your great-grandfather used to drink Marie Brizard & Roger Cordials. They were the best then. Outlived all others. For sale everywhere.
T. W. STEMMLER, Union Square, New York.

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WHAT SHE WEARS

IT is quite useless to try to get reliable information about the winter fashions. Modistes and milliners "don't know," or, if they do, they won't tell. Ladies who have recently returned from Paris, among them Miss Anson Phelps Stokes, who was a passenger on the Teutonic, declare that they have brought only summer costumes, with a few half-season toilets which have nothing novel about them. Whether Worth is still wearing his thinking cap and really has not yet decided the momentous question of winter fashions no one seems to know, but certain it is that he will reveal nothing and positively refuses to send over a case of winter gowns and mantles even to his best customers before the middle of October. So we have either to make our own fashions or to look shabby for the next two months. The counters in the large "magasins" (they are too important and imposing to be called shops, and "store" is so anti-English, you know,) are covered with a motley show of woollens, cottons and mixed materials, each more hideous than the other, from which I turned, in a recent shopping tour, with quite a seasick feeling. Plaids predominate, but wide stripes and narrow stripes hold their own, and plain grounds with little brocaded figures are declared by the salesman to be the "newest thing out."

They are all quite impossible for women with any pretension to chic or good looks, and there is nothing to do should new gowns be imperatively necessary, but to buy cloth or camel's hair in plain colors, and make it up with satin, gros-grain or watered silk. Velvet sometimes comes in with woollen materials, but I confess to disliking the combination extremely. Velvet or plush, in my poor judgment, is only pretty when joined with silk or satin. Even an embossed or embroidered velvet is repulsive to me. I like it in its native richness and softness without the aid of any foreign ornament whatever. Silver, gold and pearl embroideries are to be as much worn as ever for dinner and ball dresses this winter, and even spangles will be used profusely on tulle and chiffon. So, ball-rooms will sparkle bravely again, and even those who have no diamonds can make a very respectable squaw-like glitter. Furs, of course, will be the favorite trimming for wraps, and black velvet with blue fox bordering or blue with chinchilla, will be very fashionable. Sealskin, however, except when made in large cloaks, for protection against cold, and for carriage wraps, is only to be used for trimming. The tight-fitting sealskin jackets that have been so much in fashion of late years are entirely out, and may as well be cut up into capes or large collars for brown or tan-colored coats. They were never becoming except to very slight figures, as the fur is very bulky, and moreover has a tendency to wear light at the seams, which gives it a shabby look after even one season's use. This, with so very costly a fur is rather a drawback. The most beautiful of all skins is the Russian sable, which is as black and as glossy as the coat of a race-horse. But the little animals are very rare, and their fur is worth a queen's ransom, consequently it is seldom seen, and the Hudson's Bay sable, which is altogether different in texture and color is often substituted for it. Then the mink, which is by no means inexpensive, bears a strong resemblance to the marten or Hudson's Bay sable and by many persons is thought to be quite as handsome.

But the fur is shorter, rougher and more wiry, and lacks the soft pliability which belongs to all first-class furs. Of course in the selection of capes and trimmings everything depends upon the length of the buyer's purse. You may pay one hundred dollars a yard for a three inch bordering to your winter coat, or you may get it very fairly good for five. Be careful, however, to avoid dyed furs as much as possible, especially about the throat and wrists, or your laundress's bill will suddenly be doubled, and you will require a warm-water ablution yourself every time you wear the garment. Astrachan and Persian lamb, which is very much more expensive, but really not so pretty as the real astrachan, will, of course, be worn by those who invested in it last winter. The objection to it for a woman of wealth and fashion, is that the fur is so closely imitated by the weaver's skill that it is almost impossible to distinguish it from the cloth that bears its name.

AS SEEN BY HIM

With September we herald America's most glorious season, the autumn. I confess I rather fancy our homely name for it—the "fall." It suggests so much that is poetical, so much that is beautiful. I think that it really is our season and ours alone. For nowhere but on this great continent is the whole breadth of the land, mountains, valleys, forests and plains, so brilliant with reds, russets, purples, saffrons and yellows. Indeed, it is a glittering show, the gayest of all attires, this mourning which America dons for the dying year. I have walked the Boulevards when the great chestnut trees have put aside their bright foliage and only gaunt, naked limbs and skeletons of branches formed the lattice between me and the dull gray sky, while the asphalt was thick with a carpet of yellow leaves. I have been in the mist and rain of the Highlands, dim with purple heather, and have danced with the wine-treaders at the vintage among the sunny hills of Southern Italy. But withal I prefer our only American fall with its clear frosty mornings, its long days of golden sunshine and its life-giving atmosphere, intoxicating as wine. And every time this lovely season returns, although each foreign post brings me urgent invitations from kind friends to shoot in England, in Scotland and in France, I am forced to "regret" them all in favor of Lenox and the Adirondacks.

I suppose it is a part of my nature that once in a while I should, like Mr. Wegg, lapse into poetry—such as it is. From a practical point, I consider September beastly. It is neither summer nor is it winter. It combines the tropical heat of the one with the intense cold of the other. Should it be your misfortune to be obliged to travel in a public conveyance during the first cool weather, you will be almost suffocated by the smell of camphor and of tar. Should you run into town for a day during this same stress of weather, you will find the Club still in its summer garb, with bare floors and cane furniture, and the grates in such a condition that a fire is impossible. The country alone is bearable; town is desolation. This is the season for our provincial cousins who flock in crowds to the city and gaze reverently on our boarded doors and our closed windows, and who peer curiously into the clubs and wonder whether the few unfortunates whom they may see still on exhibition at the open casements are actually the great "swells" of whom they have read in the letters of the special correspondent of their town paper. This same correspondent, by the way, is still in town and is still writing flippantly of men whom he has never seen, and whom he calls by their Christian names, while he chronicles their movements in his boarding-house hall bedroom, copying his information (?) from a metropolitan society journal, a copy of which he has just purchased at a neighboring news-stand.

I remember a very clever man in Paris, a member of the smartest club there, one in which you must possess a country estate and sixteen quaterings in order to qualify, who utilized the off-season in a very beneficial manner. A number of country acquaintances made it their custom to visit the city at this time. His family was away, and, as the opera, like Tennyson's Brook, goes on forever in Paris, he always made it a point to invite people who could be of use to him in the provinces, to his loge. He would there point out to them the celebrities, the great beauties, the famous writers, the lions and lionesses generally of Paris. It is needless to say that the grande monde Parisians were miles away at this time and only substitutes and poor relatives occupied their places. But the trick worked well. The provincial went home to his remote country seat and told with gusto of how dear De X—— knew everybody in Paris, and of the very jolly time he had with him. His wife and daughters were delighted to entertain such a man. He was always invited in the season to the country and was booked in country houses for months ahead; and his hostess always helped him to the best leaves of the salad. Of course, this would be impossible in America, with Society papers and our very limited One Hundred and Fifty. But in France it was extremely practicable, and for a small outlay our friend could enjoy months of delightful sojourn with the great French county families, to whom Paris, since the days of Charles X., is a doomed city, a place to be visited but not to be lived in.

In this country we have so many odd social contingents with which to contend! Society resolves itself into a question of money and blood, and "cold cash" takes the lead. The aristocracy of wealth is a natural consequence in a self-made nation, but we have, as a nation, given refuge and shelter to many immigrants of gentle birth whose descendants can certainly lay claim to social consideration. Still, I think the old families, so called, are much greater snobs than the parvenu. The latter—the fin de siècle article—feels instinctively that he will be ridiculed if he speaks of his money, and he is much more frequently a better-bred man than the one who makes claim to his social position on account of his ancestors. To me the latter is by far the more offensive of the two. I always mistrust the man who forces his family down his listener's throat and who is forever imagining that he has been snubbed and slighted by nouveaux riches. I would fear to examine such a man's family tree very closely. As has been very

cleverly said before, I might find a rope dangling from one of its early branches. Mr. Midas lives in the present. He has a well-appointed household and an excellent cook. His wines are good and I meet the most charming people at his table. There may never have been a Midas, senior, and I fear that his grandfather might have represented the algebraic x—an unknown quantity. Consequently, I do not hear about them and I am not bored.

I may be intensely stupid, but I confess I have found very little difference otherwise in their conversation. Midas is educated. He may have suddenly risen out of Chicago gas, but his natural shrewdness and his constant association with men give him a certain amount of tact. His power of observation is no doubt acute, and his education, derived from the reading of newspapers, makes him at least quite up to date. This is preferable to "Knickerbocker hash."

As to fashions for the coming season, as yet I cannot see much change from those of last year. After the fifteenth of the month the straw hat must be eschewed. The autumn Derbys are in fawn, tan and gray, as well as black. The latter have curling brims, and the crowns are not as high as those of last season. Of course, the Homburg hat will be the favorite until the fashionable season opens. It is worn in England almost to the exclusion of the Derby. It is comfortable, and decidedly becoming. The Prince of Wales, who is the Saxon arbiter of Fashion, has adopted it, and is seldom, except when he wears a top hat, seen in any other headgear. Both he and his elderly relative, the Duke of Cambridge, were seen at Homburg this season wearing this stylish soft hat on every occasion. They even wore it with frock coats, and always with evening dress. I think in future that there will only be two hats in vogue for very smart men—the top and the Homburg. One represents full dress and the other demi-toilet. Of course, in summer one wears always a demi-toilet hat with evening dress. I also wish to add that the straw will always be popular in summer, particularly in this climate, where it is positively a necessity at the seashore. For the races and for special occasions Derbys will be worn, but I do not think that they will ever regain their former popularity. The Homburg, as seen now in the show windows of hatters in this city, is certainly most attractive. It admits of wider latitude in color, and a hat can thus be secured in keeping with each négligé or demi-toilet. I see that in England, and in England alone, that frightful fashion of the sash has again come into vogue. It has dropped into utter disuse in this country, but East India officers stick to it as they do to their cork-lined white hats and their white umbrellas.

My valet, who has just returned from a visit to my New York tailor, informs me that for business suits small checks in grays are in keeping with the financial "stringency." I have allowed myself to drop into a joke, and a very poor one at that. My tailor, with whom I have an appointment next week, which necessitates my coming to town at this very awkward season, will submit to me his samples and plates for the coming year for my selection. He has just arrived from London, and I hope that I will be able to tell you in my next what the fashions for the autumn will be.

HORSE NOTES

During the past week so many sensational races—trotting, pacing and running—have been decided, that the week bids fair to hold the banner of the year for turf events. In the trotting world nothing is talked of except the fast mile of Nancy Hanks made at Fleetwood Park. The mare is the holder of the world's trotting record of 2:04, made a year ago over the Terre Haute track, the fastest track in the country. The fact that the queen of the trotting turf was to make an effort to lower the record while trotting against the track record of 2:09¾, brought out the largest crowd that has been at Fleetwood since that memorable day on which Jay Eye See and St. Julien met and struggled for the mastery, with disastrous results to the latter. The day was a perfect one for the trial; the track was in good condition and the wind was not strong. Horsemen conceded that if Nancy would succeed in making a circuit of Fleetwood Park in 2:08, or a fraction less, that the performance would be a wonderful one, and that if she trotted in better than 2:07 it would be equal to, if not better than her record. The track is certainly three seconds slower than the Terre Haute track, and on this account anything less than 2:07 would be equal to breaking the world's record. It was a few minutes to four o'clock when the mare showed in front of the grand stand. Five minutes afterward, Budd Doble came sweeping up the stretch with her, and nodded to President McMillan for the word which would set the watches of the timers in motion and mark the beginning of a task that would be attempted by none but a champion. The word was given and off she went. A thousand watches clicked as the mare shot under the wire, and the trial against the old scythe-bearer was under way. Steadily and carefully the equine queen moved up to and around the turn. Doble sat motionless in the sulky and had nothing to do but let the mare trot out at her highest rate of speed. His hand was steadying, rather than urging, and when the half-mile post was reached the split-second timepieces ticked off 1:02½. Her space-devouring stride was making Nancy Hanks fairly fly over the ground, and when the crucial part of the journey—the hill on the north side of the track—was reached, she went at it as if hill-climbing was her strong forte. Her running mate, Dickerson, crept closer and closer, and the sharp click of the latter's hoofs told her that something was struggling to overtake her. When the three-quarter pole was reached it was evident that the mare would beat 2:07, for a thousand watches had clicked off the time at this pole in 1:34½. The final turn into the stretch was made, and then the great mare was urged gently to do her best. The call was answered gamely, for without a falter she swung her head, and in this dogged fashion passed the wire in 2:06¾, the fastest mile ever made over the old Fleetwood track. The performance verified the statement made in this column a few weeks ago, that with a fair track and under good conditions Nancy Hanks would easily knock a few seconds off the mile she made in 2:08¾ at Mystic Park a month ago. She had accomplished the task set out for her, that of breaking the track record of 2:09¾, made by Directum two days before. Budd Doble was congratulated on all sides for the masterly manner in which he had handled the horse, but to the mare herself all credit that could be given was due.

At about the same time that Nancy Hanks was trotting against the record, another struggle was taking place between two equine kings, not more than twenty miles away. This was the great match race between James R. and Foxhall Keene's Domino and Richard Croker's Dobbins. This race was at Sheepshead Bay. Two days previous the Futurity of 1893 had been run, and after a game struggle was won by Domino, who beat Galilee a head, the latter finishing only a nose before Dobbins. That Domino won was due to the brilliant jockeyship of his rider Fred Taral, and to the amount of courage his stout heart possessed.

H.

YACHTING NOTES

The trial races which are now in progress absorb the entire attention of yachtsmen at present. Until the result is known all other questions and interests will remain in abeyance. The adherents of each syndicate or owner, however intense their predilections for their chosen craft, show commendable patriotism in their expression of the wish and hope that the best boat may be selected to defend the cup.

The tight money market of the summer just closing had the anticipated and natural effect of putting more yachts "out of commission" at an earlier date than has been the case for many years past. Very few of the more noted schooners and sloops remain in commission, and even some steam yachts have been laid up. This will have the effect of crowding the New York Yacht Club steamer Taurus, which has been chartered to follow the racers. Taurus tickets are already in active demand.

Every available steamboat plying in New York waters has been chartered for the International races. As these will be sailed outside Sandy Hook in the open ocean, during the last days of September and the first of October, when the first autumn Northwesters are wont to blow, it is to be hoped that the authorities will look carefully after these steamboats and not permit any unseaworthy craft to go outside the Hook, or any boats to exceed their limit of passengers It might be a serious matter for some river and harbor steamboats to be caught twenty miles at sea in a heavy blow.

The past week's entertainments at Newport have included several notable receptions on steam yachts. Those given by ex-Commodore Gerry on Electra, by Wm. K. Vanderbilt on Valiant and by John J. Astor on Nourmahal were all planned and carried out on a most elaborate scale. Valiant has won unstinted praise, both from yachtsmen and from the ladies who have been fortunate enough to be able to inspect her, for her beautiful lines, perfect equipment and the magnificence and beauty of her furnishings and appointments. Mr. Vanderbilt intends starting in Valiant early in October for an autumn cruise in the Mediterranean. He will probably be accompanied by Mrs. Vanderbilt, Winnie and Gould Hoyt, and one or two other friends.

Dr. Seward Webb's handsome and speedy steam yacht Elfrida, in which Dr. Webb cruises up and down Lake Champlain, blew

XUM

out a tube from her boiler recently while near Plattsburg, badly scalding the chief engineer. Dr. Webb was not on board. Elfrida was towed into Plattsburg.

Navahoe, which Mr. Carroll has lately had thoroughly overhauled, is now sailing in a series of races for the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's gold cup, and American yachtsmen are noting her work with renewed interest. The time when she is to endeavor to win back the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups is now near at hand, and it is to be hoped that with Captain Crocker at the helm Navahoe may redeem herself, and compensate Mr. Carroll in some slight degree at least for the labor and expense he has bestowed upon her.

Alcaea, which has been doing such good work the past summer, has gone out of commission, much to the regret of a large number of admirers of the speedy schooner. Business engagements of her owners, the Messrs. Clark, and the approaching marriage of C. Vaughn Clark and Miss Edith Draper are the reasons for laying up Alcaea. X.

PLAY HOUSE GOSSIP

There have been various reports circulated industriously during the last fortnight to the effect that the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take place on November 20, the date agreed upon by Mr. Abbey in his contracts. These reports seemed rather reasonable because of the present appearance of the interior of the Opera House, which is far from completed. In order to do away with any doubt on the subject, however, I asked J. B. McElfatrick, the architect, whether or not he could live up to his agreement. He told me that there was not a vestige of doubt about the Opera House being reopened on November 20.

It was also stated last week, on what seemed good authority, that Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau had succeeded in luring Patti away from the management of Marcus Mayer and that they had been able to accomplish this because the financial stringency prevented Mr. Mayer depositing in Patti's bank the guarantee, as pin money, $125,000. Mr. Mayer tells me that he is very indignant at this report, and it is calculated to do both himself and the singer injury. As a matter of fact he has deposited the money and has Patti's signature to the contract with him. He does not feel worried about her leaving him. Nevertheless, Maurice Grau is not unconfident that he will secure Patti.

MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN AS DAN MULLIGAN

Although I commend thoroughly the charming sentiment that pervades Liberty Hall, now in course of production at the Empire Theatre, I should like to point out to Mr. Carlton, its author, that in one or two respects he has failed to reflect Society and the customs of persons in the lower strata of life. For instance, in the first act, Blanche Chilworth (Viola Allen), who is supposed to be the daughter of an English noblemen, opens a letter in the presence of a gentleman who has brought it thousands of miles to her, and reads it without excusing herself Further along in the play, Mr. Owen (Henry Miller), the hero, who is masquerading as a plebeian, whereas he is, in fact, an aristocrat, figures up the amount of his board-bill for the last six months. Now, while I do not claim to be an expert on boarding-house methods, I do not believe there is a boarding-house keeper in either London or New York who will let a young man's bill run for six months or even one month. Of course, these are very little points, but they are nevertheless inexcusable in a production at the Empire. In a melodrama on the Bowery they might be tolerated.

Liberty Hall will be acted at the Empire until early in November, when it will be followed by a new play entitled The Younger Son, written by David Belasco. Mr. Miller, an admirable actor, will continue as leading man of the company, and William Morris, who has been leading man ever since Mr. Miller resigned, three years ago, because of a misunderstanding during rehearsal, will become a star under his own management.

It will be remembered that I stated last week that Lillian Russell would return to the Casino this season at the head of her own opera company. The daily papers have taken hold of this information, and have discovered some more or less interesting facts in connection with it. In the first place, they ascertained that I was correct in all but one particular, which is that George W. Lederer, the manager of Thomas Q. Seabrooke, will be Miss Russell's manager as well as the manager of the Casino. The new management of the Casino will be Mr. Lederer and Thomas Canary, and simultaneously with their appearance there Rudolph Aronson, who has been in possession of the theatre for about seven years, will leave.

Whereas last season we had few light opera productions in town, and scarcely any new talent was disclosed, there are indications that quite the reverse will be the case this winter. The Bostonians will begin a three months' engagement at the Broadway Theatre on Christmas night, and they will produce at least two new light operas by American composers. Lillian Russell, at the Casino, will produce The Princess Nicotine by Messrs. C. A. Byrne, Louis Harrison and W. W. Furst, and probably still another opera by Victor Herbert, the well-known 'cellist. The Laura Schirmer-Mapleson opera company will appear at a Broadway theatre for an extended engagement. 1492, the Francis Wilson, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Digby Bell and Pauline Hall opera companies are also ranged into line. Venus, by Messrs. Byrne, Harrison and Kerker, and Prince Pro-Tem, by the librettist of 1492—both of which are to be produced in Boston on Monday night—will certainly be brought to town in a few months. As A. M. Palmer says, the legitimate drama is no longer a monopolist upon the American stage.

BY THE SEA

A Fête, at once ball and garden party, was one of the features of last week's gaieties here. We were received by the hostess in the immense drawing-room, forming one of a suite of rooms. Walls hung with heavy Oriental stuffs in palm leaf patterns of richly blended colors, embroidered satin curtains, Smyrna carpets with squares enclosing chimerical figures, Louis XV. furniture, rare paintings, and jardinières of silver, gilt repoussé filled with exotics, made a fitting background for the beautiful gowns worn by the women. We wandered through the rooms among the bronzes and porcelains, admiring the cabinets of Vernis Martin, the jars of old china, the lacquered tables and rococo screens that gave such charm to this poetic abode, and passing through a wide French window, found ourselves in a lovely old-fashioned garden lighted in some mysterious way with a soft rose radiance that was fairy like in the extreme. The splashing of a fountain mingled with the soft music of a hidden orchestra, and in various nooks and corners little tables were laid, and on placing ourselves at one of these we were served at once with a delicate repast in which figured cold birds with jelly of aspic, rosy peaches and flagons of Johannisberg. The knives and forks were Italian Renaissance, the plates of rare Minton and the glass of Venice manufacture.

We noted several beautiful gowns, two of which I will describe. The first was of white satin with wide skirt trimmed with bands of embroidery in gold, mauve and pale pink laid on either side of insertions of old cream guipure lace. The corsage was a combination of white satin, colored embroideries to match the skirt, and insertions of old lace. Feathers of ivory color and mauve were worn on the shoulders.

The second gown was or deep yellow silk, covered with white net sparkling with gold, silver and crystal embroideries.

NOTICE TO AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

All literary matter intended for publication in Vogue should be addressed to Mrs. Josephine Redding, Editor.

Drawings and photographs should be sent to Mr. H. W. McVickar, Art Director.

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